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ORATION

DELIVERED ON THE

EIGHTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

BATTLE OF MINISINK,

At Goshen, July 22, 1862,

IN

DEDICATION OF A MONUMENT

Erected by the munificence of
Dr. Merrit H. Cash, in Memory of the Patriots
who fell in that Battle.

BY JOHN C. DIMMICK.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.:
THE "PRESS" PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, EXCHANGE BUILDING.
1862.

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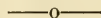
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ORATION.



FELLOW CITIZENS: I am to address you to-day in honor of the dead. I am to speak not only of those brave men who laid down their lives for the Government we possess and the homes we enjoy, but of those men also who, forty years ago, met where and as we now meet, and for a like purpose. I am to speak, as it were, in obedience to the command of the dead, whose will, so manifest and generous, we meet this day to execute.

But I am also to speak to an assemblage of freemen, convened for such solemn services in a period of their national history, when the Government is called upon to undergo what all nations must submit to first or last—struggle and grapple for its very life; and, while so struggling, demonstrate to the world, not only the strength of Democracies, but the ability and will of such form of Governments to maintain themselves at every hazard and to the bitter end. I am to speak to living men of living questions, though I am quite sensible that in speaking of these, I am, as it were, “to tread upon fires that have not yet collected cinders enough to cover them.”

But, fellow-citizens, I have no idea that the men of the next generation, in reviewing the proceedings of this day, shall be justified in saying that we did not comprehend the nature of the crisis in the midst of which we are, or the spirit of the age in which we live; and while I trust no thought will arise or word be uttered inappropriate to the solemnity of the occasion, I trust such words shall be uttered as, in the judgment of posterity, shall put us all “right on the record.”

To an exact and thorough comprehension of the character of the men, and the debt we owe them, whose memories we are assembled this day to commemorate, I regard it as peculiarly appropriate to look for a moment to the estimation in which they were held by the generation immediately succeeding them.

On the 22d of July, 1822, (forty years ago this day,) the then active men of that period, of all callings and professions in life—to a number hitherto unprecedented in the country, (history says 15,000)—met where we are now, and formed in solemn funeral procession to inter the bones of those we so honor to-day.

A Committee of Arrangements, previously appointed, had, on the 26th of June, 1822, published a formal notice of the time and place of interment, which I beg leave to read to you:

“FUNERAL PROCESSION.—The special Committee of Arrangements request and invite the clergy of the different denominations, all the military officers, the civil and judicial officers, surviving officers and soldiers of the Revolution, survivors of the Minisink battle, all uniform companies and the different Masonic lodges, the Medical Society, gentlemen of the bar, and the principals, teachers and students of the different academies in the County of Orange, and particularly the surviving relatives of those who were slain in the Minisink battle, to attend in Goshen on the 22d proximo. Just and proper places will be assigned them in the funeral procession of that day.

THOMAS WATERS,	GABRIEL N. PHILLIPS,	J. W. CARPENTER,
DAVID R. ARNELL,	HENRY G. WISNER,	Committee.

GOSHEN, June 26, 1822.”

Of the signers of this notice, but one brave oak alone (Major CARPENTER) has withstood the storms of those forty winters. All of the others have gone before us, and joined that brave body of men whose bones they gathered with such great care, and interred with such appropriate solemnities.

The members of that committee must have been all personally known to many now present. You, who knew them, are well aware that the consideration in which they were held in their day was such as to make it eminently proper that they should have been the committee for so great and important an occasion. I knew them all by reputation, some of them personally. Among them we find the name of DAVID R. ARNELL, whose memory will always be held by the members of the medical profession of this County in high honor. It was generally conceded that he stood at the head of his profession in his day. He was so assiduous in his attentions to the poor as well as the rich, that, upon his death, his cotemporaries, who knew him well, paid him the high compliment of declaring him to have been in his life “the friend of mankind.”

A very distinguished member of the profession to which I have the honor to belong, was also one of that Committee. He was one of those rare men whose intellectual powers had been so assiduously cultivated and were so evenly balanced that they seemed to possess almost absolute dominion over his passions. His vast reasoning powers were such that, disdaining all declamation and mere oratorical display, he would by the mere force of his logic carry

his audiences, step by step, with safety and security to conclusions that were at first deemed impossible; and in listening to his great efforts at the bar, we were lost in admiration as we saw exhibited in him the vast stretch and compass of the human understanding. It is only at long intervals that the gentlemen of my profession are called upon to mourn the loss of a man so highly gifted and rarely endowed as was HENRY G. WISNER.

And on that occasion, too, was present—addressing that great assembly in words that deserve to be read, re-read and pondered by every generation of her people—a citizen of the County of Orange, who was indeed the ‘old man eloquent.’ He was a man who, almost invariably in his public discourses or even private conversation—so minute and comprehensive was his knowledge—appeared as if he had made the particular subject under consideration the special study of his life. Those particular fields of knowledge and science that other men cultivated as specialties, he seemed to have explored for the mere purpose of improving and embellishing his understanding; and in listening to his most unpremeditated addresses, we wondered how even during his long life he had been able to accumulate such vast stores of knowledge, wisdom and experience. And, crowning the whole, was that conscientious sense of duty and of right that would neither seek or accept power or place when it might by any possibility conflict with his exceedingly rigid sense of duty. Those of you who knew DR. JAMES R. WILSON well will bear witness to the truth of what I say—though in contrasting the speaker of that day with the speaker of to-day, you may be reminded, as I am, of the story of the young Ascanius following in the footsteps of the great chief, and of his unequal strides. HAUD PASSIBUS AEQUIS.

Those were some of the men who, on the 22d of July, 1822, assembled here as we do now; and from the character of those I have named, some idea may be formed of what manner of men they were with whom these gentlemen united for the solemn duties of this day forty years ago. When such men united in paying great honor to the dead, succeeding generations may know from that fact alone that the dead so honored were noble in their lives and still nobler in their deaths; and an appeal to history will confirm the judgment.

In 1778, during the autumn before the invasion of Minisink, Brant—the “Monster Brant”—had perpetrated the horrible massacre of

Wyoming. It was at once seen that the next descent would probably be on Minisink; and to provide against such a calamity the Government stationed during the winter succeeding the massacre of Wyoming, on the frontier of Minisink, for its preservation, a battalion of cavalry under the command of the brave Count Pulaski, who continued with his battalion protecting the frontier until February, 1779, at which period the necessities of South Carolina became so great in the Revolutionary struggle then pending, that the Government was compelled to order Count Pulaski's battalion to South Carolina to strengthen General Lincoln's army there; and so it came to pass that from February, 1779, this County, with Minisink on its frontier, was left unprotected by the Government—its women and children exposed to the utmost barbarity of the savages and Tories—in order that the State of South Carolina might be rescued from the grasp of England and gathered into the folds of the American Union! In other words—to state the case exactly as history reveals the facts—the purchase money for South Carolina's independence and admission to the Union was paid in part by your fathers with their lives on the battle field of Minisink; for this fact is as well established as any other fact in history: That but for the inability of South Carolina to protect herself, and her call for troops from the North, Minisink would have been protected and the persons of its inhabitants secure. Thus, the simple statements of history sometimes present us with startling truths.

Brant, on learning through his scouts that Count Pulaski and his battalion had been withdrawn from Minisink and sent to South Carolina, immediately determined to re-enact in Minisink the bloody tragedy of Wyoming; and for that purpose he assembled his warriors, and with about 300 of them traversed the woods from the Niagara to the Delaware. About 200 Tories joined this band of savages. A portion of his force Brant stationed and kept in reserve at Grassy Brook, a small tributary of the Delaware, now in the county of Sullivan; and, detaching from the main body of his men a force of savages and Tories adequate for the work, on the evening of the 19th and early morning of the 20th of July, 1779, these savages and Tories (more barbarous than the savages) proceeded to the execution of their infernal purpose. In the darkness of the night they closed around the dwellings of the peaceful settlers of Minisink. The first intimation conveyed to the sleeping inhabitants of the presence of the foe, was given by the flames proceeding from the burning dwellings in which they slept, and the simultaneous shout

of the frightful war whoop of the savage. The work was performed in the usual manner of savage warfare: First the stealthy approach, then the lighted torch applied to their dwellings, and as the fires raged and lighted up the darkness around, and as the astonished and terrified inhabitants rushed from their dwellings, the savages with their wild yells and uplifted tomahawks rushed into the harvest of blood. All alike—matron and maid, sire and son, old age in its decrepitude and the tender infant in its sleep of innocence—fell on that wild night under the tomahawk of the savage or the knife and the rifle of the still more dreaded tory.

Ten dwellings (a large settlement for that day) were burned up and destroyed, together with two mills. Their farms were laid waste; all the property of the settlement that the savages could remove and make available to themselves was carried away, and the rest destroyed. A few of the settlers escaped, and carried as rapidly as they could the intelligence to Goshen. Upon hearing the news the people of Goshen were aroused, and the determination was quickly formed to pursue the savages.

At that time Dr. BENJAMIN TUSTEN was an eminent physician and surgeon of the town of Goshen, and also Colonel of the Militia. He immediately summoned the officers of his command and called for volunteers to meet him at Minisink the following day. One hundred and forty men met at the rendezvous; among them were many of the leading men of the county. They finally determined to march in pursuit of the savages, though at the time well aware of their own great inferiority in point of numbers. They marched 17 miles that day, and the next morning were joined by Col. HATHORN, of Warwick, with a small body of men, when they renewed the pursuit. About 9 o'clock in the morning they got a first view of the red skins, on the eastern bank of the Delaware. Col. Hathorn being the senior colonel was at this time in command. Capt. Tyler, whose daughter and only surviving child is with us to-day, was sent out as a scout, and upon his return Col. Hathorn and Col. Tusten, ascertaining how vastly superior the enemy was in point of numbers, advised a retreat; but they unfortunately permitted themselves to yield to the clamor of those under their commands and continued the pursuit. The particulars of this battle and massacre are so well and faithfully recorded by our departed friend, Mr. Eager, in his history of the County, and so eloquently and minutely described by Doctor Wilson in this place forty years

ago, and are so well known by every citizen of the County, that I shall not on this occasion go over the details; indeed, it could only be done by re-stating what was said on a former occasion. From the moment that Brant, with Indian cunning, contrived, without the knowledge of our people, to throw himself in their rear, their fate was sealed; and the savages, after accomplishing this and succeeding in detaching about a third of Col. Hathorn's command and cutting them off from the main body, so that they could render no substantial assistance in the battle, then closed around the small but brave band and began the conflict. The Indians and tories outnumbered us five or six to one, and as they closed around our people confined them within about an acre of ground.

The position then taken by our friends was that of cool, brave men, who put full trust and confidence in each other. They formed in a hollow square, and began the conflict on this side of the Delaware, and about opposite the mouth of the Lackawack, at 11 o'clock in the morning, just eighty-three years ago to-day. The battle continued from 11 in the morning until the going down of the sun; when, our people having exhausted their ammunition, and the guard of one corner of the square having fallen in the battle, the savages were enabled to break in upon our lines, and the work of blood and slaughter was soon finished.

The scene after this is to be imagined and not described. Those who could, escaped. Some of them were shot in attempting to cross the Delaware; some were shot in the woods in their retreat; some few got home, among whom was Col. Hathorn, who commanded the expedition, and who all his life enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the County, and was deservedly held in high honor for his faithful services on that occasion. At the erection of the Monument here forty years ago he was present and laid the corner stone. He was then eighty years of age, and his short address as delivered on that occasion is a model of eloquence and propriety.

Col. Tusten no doubt fell a martyr to his nice sense of professional duty. He was a surgeon of great skill and experience in his profession, and while the fight was going on, kept fighting and collecting under a rock, where they would be least exposed, his wounded companions, and ministered to their wants; and there is no doubt he continued so attending the wounded to the last, choosing to stay with rather than desert them. Such a life and such

a death was a great honor, alike to the man and to the profession to which he belonged.

In this battle only eighty men were actually engaged on our side, in consequence of a portion of the former getting detached from the main body; and of those eighty men forty-four were killed. When they commenced the conflict, I have no doubt they expected to come off the victors. The mere inequality of numbers they evidently cared but little about, as is manifest by the fact of their continuing the pursuit after this inequality was fully known; and their defeat on that occasion was not owing to their inferiority in point of numbers, for their own personal bravery had more than counterbalanced this inferiority during all the day. Their ammunition, after lasting them from 11 in the morning until sundown, became exhausted, and they could do no more.

Brant himself, in after years, acknowledged that this was the cause of their defeat, and that but for this their personal bravery and heroism would have carried them through and made them the victors. You will readily perceive that a body of men collected hastily, as they were, without any government depot of ammunition to draw from—each man compelled to rely upon such ammunition as he had in his own house—would necessarily, after so long a struggle, be reduced to the extremity our people then were—to that of an army in the field without ammunition, and under the fire of the enemy.

The barbarous manner of the death of many who were slaughtered on that occasion, united with the massacre of Wyoming the year before, rendered the name of Brant infamous. Brant himself, in after years—aware of the cloud that hung over him—while on a visit to the city of New-York, endeavored to justify, or at least excuse, some of his conduct on that occasion. He admitted that he killed Gabriel Wisner after the battle was over, but said that he found Wisner so severely wounded that he could not live or be removed, and that if he was left there alone the wild beasts would soon fall upon him and devour him; that upon conversing with him, he found Mr. Wisner was in the full possession of all his faculties, and that for a man so situated to be devoured by wild beasts was terrible; and that, to prevent so horrid a death, he engaged Col. Wisner in conversation, and while diverting his attention struck him dead with one blow.

The statement is plausible, but I am constrained to doubt its

truth. The idea is entirely novel, and contrary to all experience, for an Indian warrior to kill a victim in order to save him from suffering. I do not believe that the next year after the massacre of Wyoming, the men who got up and headed the expedition that marched across the country, from Niagara to the Delaware—to surround in the night the dwellings of the residents of Minisink, and murder their women and children—immediately after the battle of Minisink murdered a foe on the field, in order to save him the agony of a more terrible death. I have no doubt Brant killed Col. Wisner after the battle, but not for the reason he stated. This conviction, in my mind, is strengthened by the fact, that the head of one of the families with which I am connected by marriage was in this battle, and was there killed; and the tradition and belief in the family of Capt. Benjamin Vail is, that he was basely murdered by a tory, as he sat upon a rock, bleeding from his wounds, after the battle. I have no doubt Col. Wisner and every other wounded man who survived the battle, and was murdered by the tories or savages, shared the same fate, and all from the same motive. It was the savage desire for a scalp, or the infernal hate of the tory, that caused the death of all such, and not this sort of barbarous mercy to which I have alluded.

The position in which the bones of these men were found—when, forty-three years after the battle, a committee of the citizens of the county visited the battle-field—proved the manner of the death of most of them. Nearly all the bones were found on the very spot where the battle was fought, showing that they were either killed in the battle or so badly wounded that escape was impossible, and were killed on the field immediately after the battle. The bones of some few were found separate and alone in the woods, away from the battle-field, showing either that they escaped wounded from the field, and when they could go no farther laid down and died in the wilderness, or were discovered in their flight and murdered by their foes. The bones of one man were found in a position showing how manfully he must have struggled for his life. He had evidently gone wounded from the battle, and had dragged his wounded and bleeding body through the woods, eluding the savages, until he found a crevice in the rocks to which he resorted for shelter and concealment. I have no doubt as he lay there on the rock in the wilderness after the savages were gone—with no voice or hand of mother, wife or child to comfort or assist him there alone with the christian's God—he manfully struggled and prayed for life; not for himself, (for the brave men who went out to this battle cared little for themselves,)

but for the loved ones at home. If the workings of his manly heart could then be seen, I have no doubt it would have shown his desire for life to be that he might again cheer by his presence, strengthen by his counsels, and support by honest, heaven-appointed, manly labor of his own the wife and the little ones at home, until his children in their turn were qualified and fitted for the race of life. The prayer of his big, brave heart for life, I have no doubt, was that with and for those so near to and dependent upon him, he might live a little longer in that course of life which God has appointed as the only enjoyable one for man—a life of labor and of love.

But this was not to be. When this brave man lay down upon the rocks, his blood and his life flowed out rapidly together from the same wounds; his enfeebled body could rise no more. Even the added strength of delirium, which hunger, thirst and exposure doubtless produced, was unable to raise that stalwart frame from its couch of stone. It was for him the bed of death. Forty-three years afterwards his bones were found where he himself had thus placed them. The wild beasts of the forest even seeming to respect them, until good and kind men, with great care, gathered, and with appropriate ceremonies interred, all that remained on earth of one so worthy and so brave.

The hopes, the fears, the prayers and the death of one of those men were that of all who fell in that fierce conflict. They departed from their homes to battle for their firesides and their families; their hope was to return after the conflict with peace secured. They secured the peace, but not for themselves; they paid the purchase money, but we enjoy the purchase. The rich valleys, the cultivated hills, the broad rivers, the wonderful abundance of this great land is ours to-day—with life, and health, and friends for the enjoyment of it all; the loss of all these, with death, was for them.

“For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire’s return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.”

Forty-three years from the time of their deaths the Monument was erected in a manner alike honorable to two generations—those who erected it and those in whose honor it was erected; and now at the end of forty years, again we are here, in obedience as it were to a voice calling upon us from the grave, to re-erect this Monument with suitable rites and ceremonies.

On the 25th day of November, 1860, Dr. MERRIT H. CASH, by his last will and testament, dated on that day, among other things, provided and declared in these words:

"I give and bequeath to the Supervisors of Orange County Four Thousand Dollars, in trust for the County, to be applied under their official sanction and direction when acting as a board, in or towards the erection of a Monument, in Goshen, to the memory of the patriots who fell in the 'Minisink Battle'; and as the object contemplated is one in which the county must necessarily have and feel an interest, I take it for granted that no part of the money will be expended in paying for the services of committees, commissioners or agents, but that all such outlays will be considered, allowed and paid as county charges—the money to be paid on the official order of the said Board of Supervisors within eighteen months after my decease."

My satisfaction is heightened to-day by the consideration that our departed friend, in making this bequest, left no relative or other person surviving who could justly stand up and say that this bequest has deprived him of a provision which the protection owing to him by the deceased, or good conscience, required the testator to make in his behalf. On the contrary, all through this will the testator, with wonderful care, provided for those to whom he was bound by the ties of consanguinity, and after such provision for them as his sense of justice and duty taught him was proper, he made, for the honor and credit of the county in which he was born and died and always lived, the bequest I have read. The Monument itself bears evidence to the good judgment of our departed friend in this, that he adapted means adequate to all the ends desired to be accomplished. It was in truth a munificent donation, considering the object and the amount devoted to it.

I know of no better way of determining the liberal and generous nature of a gift than by ascertaining if possible what the gift cost the giver; and if any person is disposed to doubt the exceeding liberality of this bequest, let him consider, coolly and dispassionately, the case of a man who, in early life, by close study and application, qualifies himself to practice in the profession of a physician, and then enters upon the practice of his profession, performing the great labor for the comparatively small compensation awarded to the medical profession in the country. Let him consider the case of such a man, year after year, through a reasonably long life, devoting himself by day and by night, in sunshine and in storm, in summer and winter, to the duties of his profession; visiting alike the poor and the rich, and gathering together by honest industry in this hard field of labor

the amount of this bequest, and then let him say whether the gift of it to a great public object, though in no way concerning him more than any other citizen, was not a munificent donation.

I have no doubt that our departed friend, Dr. CASH, when he drew and executed this will and made this very liberal bequest, was well aware that his time on earth was to be short; and after a life of honest labor and usefulness here, he meant when he joined the early fathers of his native County on the other shore, to assure them that the memory and the recollection of their great deeds was duly cared for here—if he should find that the spirits of just men made perfect, in their great field of intelligence and enjoyment, thought or cared anything for that small measure of fame which we denominate immortality on earth.

The Monument is erected; the will of the deceased, in its ample and generous provisions, has been faithfully carried out. Long after each and all of us shall be gathered into the harvest by that great reaper, Death, we trust that the marble shall stand a monument of honor to so many different generations.

And having in its erection thus discharged the solemn duty imposed upon us, we might, under ordinary circumstances, bring the proceedings of this day to a close; but it so unfortunately happens that we are assembled for the performance of these solemn services at a period and under circumstances in the history of our country such as have never before happened, and such it is confidently expected will never be permitted to occur again. No nation ever could survive a second affliction such as that now visited upon us. And while we erect the monument of marble, it becomes us—meeting as we do in the midst of this great rebellion—to consider and determine whether the monument of marble is all the monument that is to be erected by the men of this generation, either in honor of the dead or in vindication of themselves.

I take it that a son who leads a life of industry and of honesty, manfully discharging the duties that the day and age in which he lives imposes on him, does, in and by such a life, erect a monument to the memory of his ancestors better far than the monument of marble; such a life is the monument of gold. Shall we not erect this Monument also in vindication of ourselves and to the memory of the men who died in Liberty's first great struggle on our Western Continent.

My Countrymen, for us to meet to-day, with our surroundings, and not look squarely in the face the difficulty and the duty : for us to meet here over this great tomb of the martyrs to liberty, without devoting, as we stand by their graves and over their bones, all that we have and all that we are to the government of the country, in this its great struggle for life, in my judgment would be impious.

When I speak of devoting our all to the support of the General Government of the country, I do not use this general form of expression without attaching to it in every sense the exact idea which the language imports. As the clouds lower and the struggle increases in violence and intensity, our disposition and willingness to make great sacrifices must increase also, and in the same proportion ; we must cultivate the disposition to make great sacrifices, as the good of the nation shall from time to time require, for this is the dictate of interest as well as duty—so true is it that in all the important, indeed I may say in ALL the exigencies of life, interest and duty are inseparably connected. Our interest is so great in the maintenance of the general government of the country, and in the union of the states, that to contemplate its disruption is equivalent to removing the citizens of this intelligent and christian nation of ours from their cultivated fields, their towns, their cities, and their pleasant homes, and by one fell swoop transplanting them in a sterile wilderness, and rolling back on such a people an irresistible tide of heathen ignorance and barbarism.

I would not be regarded on this occasion as over-estimating or exaggerating the value of this government, or the consequences to result from its disruption. The man, in my judgment, does not live insane enough, even in the wildest flights of a mad man's brain, to conjure up the ills certain to follow from the loss of the union of the states.

I know it was customary at the beginning of this rebellion for some men to talk coolly and with apparent complacency about a government of separate states, having no common bond of union, each pursuing such course as its own selfishness or caprice might dictate. The proposition supposes that our inability to live under the best form of government that man has ever yet devised, without by proper force and punishment protecting the peaceful and punishing the rebellious, is evidence conclusive of our ability to live peaceably and comfortably, with all our conflicting interests, without any government whatever. The proposition involves the idea that either

since our government was formed, or by the instrumentality of this rebellion, the dross of selfishness and cupidity has been entirely removed from the nature of man. No: the man who coolly contemplates the breaking up of this government, and supposes it possible for any good in any form to come from it, is not only blind to the future but to the experience of the past. We have not only the experience of the fathers of the Revolution under the old Articles of Confederation—an experience which drove them in their despair to organize the present Government—but we have an experience under the government itself since its formation, which demonstrates its absolute necessity; as the judges say, it is no longer an open question, it is *RES ADJUDICATA*.

It has been determined by actual experience under and since the formation of the Constitution of the United States, that without the power of the General Government to coerce and keep the several states within the limits of their appropriate spheres, all rights of property, all trade and commerce, all the peaceful pursuits of this great nation would be at an end. Let us for a moment examine the facts, and like wise men gather instruction from the experience of the past.

Permit me to call your attention to a period in the history of this country when the fact first began to dawn upon the minds of leading men, that steam power was destined to be the great slave of man, and that in its application to boats on our great rivers and inland seas as an impelling power, a discovery had been made which would enable any combination of persons to put the whole industry and labor of the country under contribution for their aggrandizement, if they could devise some scheme by which the exclusive use and benefit of this great discovery could be appropriated to themselves. For this purpose the State of New-York was applied to, and in March, 1798, by its Legislature, granted to Robert R. Livingston, for twenty years, the exclusive right of making and using every kind of boat impelled by steam in all the waters within its territory and jurisdiction. In 1803, the same Legislature admitted Robert Fulton to share jointly with Livingston in this monopoly, and extended it for twenty years from the 5th day of April, 1803; and in April, 1808, further acts were passed by the same Legislature, extending the monopoly for thirty years, and forbidding any person to enter or navigate any of the waters of this State with a steamboat, without a license from Livingston and Fulton, and afterwards

providing by another act for the forfeiture to Livingston and Fulton of any and all vessels found without such license navigating the waters of this State.

The result was that for thirty years, by these acts, the exclusive right to navigate the waters of the State of New York by steam vessels was given to Fulton and Livingston, and any person, either a citizen of our own or any other State, navigating any of the waters of the State with a steam vessel, either for trade, commerce, or any other purpose, forfeited his vessel to Livingston and Fulton; and they were authorized by the acts I have referred to, to seize such vessel in the same manner as though it had been one of their own vessels forcibly taken from them. The State of Connecticut thereupon passed an act directing that no vessel should be allowed to enter her waters that had taken out a license from Livingston and Fulton to navigate the waters of the State of New York, and the State of New Jersey followed with an act declaring that if under the pretended authority of the laws of New York, any citizen of New Jersey should be restrained from using steamboats in going to and from the shores of New York and New Jersey, he should be entitled to an action in the courts of New Jersey for treble damages, with treble costs, against the party so acting in obedience to the laws of New York.

The result to which such pride, jealousy and cupidity carried those ancient commonwealths that had so recently stood shoulder to shoulder in the great contest for their liberties, was that the performance of an act which by the laws of New York was required to authorize a vessel to enter this state, prevented and actually incapacitated this same vessel from entering the waters of the state of Connecticut; and an act which the laws of New-York authorized—that is, the seizure of an unlicensed vessel in the waters of this state—rendered the person so obeying the laws of New-York subject to an action for treble damages and treble costs in the state of New-Jersey.

The unavoidable consequence of these conflicting enactments of the different state Legislatures, was to destroy all commerce among the several states of this confederacy, by means of steam vessels; and the effect was, that without the restraining, controlling power of the general Government to restrain these states from all such suicidal and retaliatory legislation, and the revengeful feelings thereby created,

all commerce between the several states of this confederacy and among the citizens thereof was at an end.

At this crisis the General Government did interfere, and in the exercise of its power and authority declared all these different statutes of these different states in restraint of commerce to be void; and it also declared—that for all time to come the vessel that carried the stars and stripes at its mast and the license of the general government in its cabin, was free to navigate without impediment or restraint, for commerce or for pleasure, all the waters within the ample domain of the United States. And so it happened that our great city of New York was made the commercial centre of the continent, because, and only because, the general government had the power to save it and us from the dreadful fate that threatened it under the conflicting legislation of the several states.

The man, therefore, who, with these great lights of experience illuminating the wake of the past, regards it as possible for the ship freighted with our liberties and happiness to sail smoothly and safely between the Scylla and Charybdis of conflicting state legislation, interests and passions, without the pilot of the general government at the helm, is, in my judgment, either a madman or a fool.

No, my appeal for the preservation of the Union and the crushing out of the rebellion, is founded upon no mere sentiment, impulse or emotion, but on the fact taught us by experience, that in and with the existence and continuance of the general government is bound up all we have of property in the present, of peace in the future, and of hope for our children. In a word, all we have worth living for is wrapped up in and depends upon the existence of the general government of the United States.

So I believe; and believing this, while I look upon this great struggle of the nation for its life, I feel that the interests we have in it are so great that we cannot afford to make any mistake, either in our judgment as to its cause, or as to the manner of disposing of it.

In the war of words that continually din upon the ear in all the public places and thoroughfares frequented by the masses of our people, it has been the custom to charge first one and then another portion of citizens of this country with the guilt of this Rebellion, inasmuch that a stranger unacquainted with our people and government would—if he took all the allegations and complaints he heard

as approximating the truth—be constrained to believe that all classes of persons in the community had deliberately set themselves to work to bring about precisely the state of affairs in which we find ourselves placed to-day: For he would hear one man say that the Democrats brought on the rebellion; another would say no, the Democrats had nothing to do with it, it was the Republicans that are to blame for it all. Still another says not so, it was not the Republicans at all, but the Southern Politicians—the Fire-eaters—that brought it all on; and yet another says no, it was not the Fire-eaters, but the Abolitionists, they caused all the trouble.

The truth is, that the man who takes up and examines those materials which the historian must take for his guide when he seeks to hand down to posterity the true cause of this rebellion, will see that this cause was in none of the things I have named: Neither Democrats, Republicans, Southern Politicians or Abolitionists, singly or combined, produced this rebellion. They all of them had more or less to do with fixing the time of its outbreak, but history will absolve them from being its cause. The man who writes the true history of its cause, will take the Constitution of the United States in his hand and scan its provisions to ascertain the nature and powers of the government against which this rebellion was organized. He will then take the Constitution of the so-called Confederate States, knowing that the difference between the constitution they rebelled against and the constitution they themselves formed must necessarily be the cause and ground work of the rebellion; and after examining the provisions of these constitutions and comparing the two together, the historian will discover that the men who formed the Constitution of the United States intended LIBERTY and FREEDOM to be the rule of the nation, and that they looked forward to the gradual extinguishment of slavery through the action of the different states themselves; while the men who formed the Constitution of the so called Confederate States intended SLAVERY to be the rule and Liberty the exception; and that they intended this impossible thing: To construct a Republic resting upon Human Slavery for its basis and main support!

History then—history that can neither be bought nor sold—will record that, while the various political parties and prominent men of the day contributed by their action towards expediting or retarding this rebellion, yet were not the cause of the rebellion itself; or if the proximate cause, yet the great first cause—the CAUSA CAUSANS,

as the lawyers say—the cause of all the causes, was **SLAVERY**. Such will be the record of history, such will be the judgment of posterity. Such, if we are thoughtful and prudent, will be our judgment to day.

You remember when it first became apparent that this great struggle—which each of the great parties to it had been silently, and one of them, at least, (the North) unconsciously preparing for since the foundation of the Government—was to be forced upon this generation. You remember how the North struggled to avoid the encounter, and save the bloodshed. You remember how their legislatures proposed the repeal of all obnoxious laws—how we sent our leading men of all political parties to meet conferees from the Slave States to stop the impending war; how we proposed that they at least should delay an appeal to violence and arms long enough to allow the sense of the people to be taken in a regular manner upon the question either of amending the constitution to meet the requirements of the South, or, allowing them by a convention representing the people of the States, to separate themselves from the nation; and though I have no doubt that neither of these things could have been accomplished, yet the manner in which these overtures of so many at the North, anxious for peace, were repelled, demonstrates as well the unrelenting and uncompromising spirit of Slavery as its anxious desire for violence and bloodshed. Substantially, and even in terms, was it declared by the votaries of Slavery, that if the North would give them a sheet of white paper and permit them to write on it their own terms, they would not remain citizens to be protected by or owe allegiance to the Government as formed by Washington and Jefferson.

As I call to mind the scene immediately preceding the fall of Sumpter; the demoniac haste and fury of the South—the imperturbable calmness, not to say coldness of the North—I am reminded of the account you will remember as given by the great traveller, Du Chaillu, of his explorations in Africa. You recollect his statements concerning the wonderful monster he saw there in the most unfrequented and silent recesses of the African wilderness. Its form was much like that of a man—its stature and strength that of a giant; it never fled from the presence of man, but on the contrary, when his eye first fell upon it, it began to send forth its challenge for a conflict by beating its savage breast and uttering its tremendous roar—a roar so loud and terrible that it seemed almost to shake the trees of the forest. The huntsman must kill it at the first fire of his rifle; if he failed the beast would instantly rush upon him. Its strength was so

formidable that the rifle would bend and break like a twig in its grasp, and one blow of its large paw would crush in the skull and bones of its victim.

Such, you remember, was the monster Gorilla, this traveler the first time saw in the wilderness of Africa. Monstrous as he justly supposed this animal to be that he there discovered, how would his amazement have been increased had he been transported to our continent and placed in our midst just before the fall of Sumpter. He would have seen in the spirit of American Slavery, as it was then exhibiting itself, the monster Gorilla of the world. He would have seen it in the full development of its gigantic stature, standing in the wilderness of ignorance created by and for itself, beating its savage breast and uttering its dreadful roar, as it madly, in its God-forsaken rage, challenged the Government of the country and the Christian civilization of the age to a conflict that in its own nature must be the final struggle for life.

We find ourselves to-day in the very midst of this conflict. In view of it, the practical question comes home to each one here, what is the lesson of the hour, what the duty of the occasion? I answer, as we have erected the monument of marble, let us now in the future so walk in the path of duty that we shall erect also the monument of gold. Does any one ask where is the path of duty, and say, Define exactly what you mean by this general form of expression? I answer, the path is so plain that we have no choice left if we desire to make one.

A disruption of this Government involves the unavoidable ruin of all. The question of its preservation has been transferred for decision from the council chamber to the battle field; if preserved, it can only now be done by vanquishing the rebels on the field of battle. It is a question of war, and war alone. **WE ARE AT WAR!** Does this answer the question? Is there any man who does not understand the duty of a citizen to his government in time of war? My own understanding of such duty is, that the men of advanced years, the men in middle life, the men who have monies to invest, must see to it that their government while at war has all the pecuniary aid it desires; they must see to it that its credit through defeat as well as victory is unimpaired to the last. To do this, they must invest their monies in its bonds, thereby keeping up its credit; for the credit of the government once gone its power to raise and keep together its armies and navies is at an end. Men of means and

property! remember that here again your duty and your interest run in the same direction. If you withhold your means and turn a cold shoulder upon the securities offered by the general Government, and by so doing impair its credit, until the whole fabric of the Government falls about your head, what do you suppose, in that event, would be the value of your property or of your investments? If you have no faith in right, or in God, at least be persuaded to follow the dictates of interest.

You remember when the banks loaned the fifty millions to the Government, all reflecting men agreed that it was the best investment possible for the banks to make, and so it turned out; it not only afterwards netted a profit in the market, but by strengthening the government and its credit preserved the value of all their other securities—so true is it that our interest and our duty are inseparably connected.

The duty of supporting the government by investing in its securities, and in that manner supporting its credit, is not all; for no combination of men or of wealth could support these securities or preserve the credit of the government, unless the men who compose the great laboring and producing classes in the community see to it that the government is furnished with the ready money to pay its interest and create a fund for the ultimate payment of its indebtedness. This interest can only be paid and this credit only be preserved by taxes imposed directly upon the citizens and the property of the country. Our fathers fought the battles of the Revolution for the privilege of taxing themselves, and when they gave us liberty and free government they also gave us the means of preserving them by conferring on us the privilege for which they battled—the privilege of self-taxation; and not the least gratifying of the signs of the times were the mutterings of dissatisfaction expressed by all classes and conditions of men, at the tardiness of the government in providing by taxation for the continuance of its own existence.

I know full well that a vigorous system of taxation imposes to a greater or less extent burdens upon a community; but consider for a moment how much cheaper it is to bear the burdens of a free government than those soon to be placed upon us if we permit this government of ours to pass from under us. This government failing, what will take its place, and what will they charge us who will then take upon themselves the task of ruling us and managing our affairs? We can only form some idea by comparison.

When Garibaldi insisted on the reconstruction of Italy and its rescue from Austrian rule and domination, he showed, as one of the grounds of complaint, and as a reason for her desiring, what we now possess—a free government—that a government of kings and aristocrats was costing more than she could afford to pay; and the free people of this country were amazed when they discovered that the Empire of Austria charged the Italians for keeping them slaves sixty per cent. of all the annual earnings of the people, leaving only the other forty per cent. for the people at large, out of which they were to support themselves, provide for their families, and defray the expenses of all the industrial pursuits of the country. I don't wonder that Garibaldi thought a republican form of government, purchased at any expense, was cheaper than this. And here, too, it is quite obvious that upon this question of taxation our duty and our interest are again inseparably connected, as it is so much cheaper for us in a pecuniary point of view to support a free government than any other.

I would crush out every effort, come from what quarter it may, to bring into disrepute a thorough and efficient system of taxation; it is to-day the life blood of the nation. Napoleon once said there were two ways of supporting an army: one was to take by force everything you wanted—to steal it—and the other was to pay for everything you took; but experience, he said, had shown that the cheapest way in the end was to pay for everything you wanted. We shall know when this war is over which is right: the slave states steal as they go, and we pay for whatever we take. Let us see when this war ends which people are the best off.

There is another duty in addition to what I have mentioned, and that is the duty of furnishing the government with vigorous and able-bodied men for the army, and this duty rests primarily and with especial force upon the young men of the nation. I am not going to discuss this plain question of duty. Orange County must send her full quota of men. She is represented in almost every county of every state of the Union, and thousands of eyes are turned upon her to see what she will do in this crisis—turned with an interest of which you here at home can have no conception, to see what their native county is going to do for the country. To the young men of Orange I have only this word further to say: The liberties and government of this country are going to be maintained; if you do not see fit to help maintain them, but prefer staying home with the wo-

men, in God's name let it be known quickly, for the OLD STOCK will then know exactly what is before them; and my word for it, the work will be done, for I know the OLD STOCK of this county well.

If there is any doubt as to the duty of this generation, let me beg of you to consider for a moment what would be the scene to-day if we could summon from the grave its tenants and cause to stand before us here the men whose memories we take so much pride in honoring on this occasion. If you could summon back their dry bones, reunited each in its appropriate place, clothed with the flesh and blood, the rounded form and beauty of life: If you could restore again the raven locks to their bleached skulls, the beaming eyes to their vacant sockets, and the truth-telling tongues to those death-locked jaws: If you could cause their cheeks again to glow with virtuous indignation at wrong, and kindle up with more than mortal beauty in commendation of right, what would then be their united counsel and command to us? Is there in all this vast assemblage any one man so entirely God-forsaken as not to know that, with one accord, they would proclaim to us as our duty those two magic words by which Wellington turned the doubtful field of Waterloo in his favor, as he rode furiously among his troops and said to them, "STAND FAST!"



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